THE BOURBON NEWS.
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FRANCISCO'S RIDE.

By Free S. Bowley.

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IN ONE of the lovely valleys of San Luis, Obispo county, Cal., lies the Rancho del Santa Theresa, the home of Senor Don Alfredo Rodriguez.

In an easy chair on the veranda sat Don Alfredo himself—a dark swarthy man, whose face was almost the color of mahogany. His hair was a grizzly gray; his mustache and side whiskers were worn after the style of the old Spanish grandees, for Don Alfredo always kept in mind that he came from one of the aristocratic families of Mexico.

Near him was his wife, a lady whose large black eyes, creamy complexion, and a certain dignity of carriage proclaimed her Castilian blood. Don Alfredo seemed to be watching for some one, and glanced impatiently up the valley.

"Look," said Don Alfredo, addressing the lady in Spanish, "look, and tell me if you can see our boy, Francisco; it is time that he was back from Jolon."

"I see nothing, Senor," she said.

"I hear hoofs," said Don Alfredo. "Ah, here he comes right over the hill. See the rascal ride! He will break his neck or kill his horse."

Dashing down the hill at breakneck speed, a handsome, dark-skinned boy of 16, spurred his horse to a flying leap across a ditch, easily clearing it.

The parents watched him admiringly. He was their only son, and all their hopes were centered in him. A few yards from the veranda he reined back his steed. The horse braced himself, jumped stiff-legged, all four feet together, and came to an instant stop. A look of pride came over the father's face, but otherwise he made no sign.

Francisco raised his hat. "Senor," he said, "great news; I have a letter from Clarence Grey. He asks me to come to San Francisco for a long visit, and to bring my horse with me. Clarence writes," said the boy, excitedly, "that the president of the United States is soon to be there. The whole city will be trimmed with flags; there will be music and fireworks, and the launching of a great war ship; it will be a grand fiesta for a whole week."

Don Alfredo's face colored. "Go put your horse in the corral; we will talk of this afterwards," he said.

"But here is also a letter from Senor Grey to you, papa, and one from Senora Grey to you, mamma," continued the boy. He translated as he read, for his parents were deficient in English. Both notes were very cordial, seconding Clarence's invitation and assuring the parents that a hearty welcome awaited their son if he should come.

The Grey family had formerly been neighbors of the Rodriguez family, living on an adjoining ranch. But during the "great boom," four years previous, Mr. Grey had sold his ranch for a sum that made him a wealthy man, and had removed his family to San Francisco. The two families had been much more intimate than the Spanish and American families generally are, and the two boys were the best of friends.

When the boy rode away the mother looked appealingly to the husband and father. "It would be a great pleasure for him," she said.

"Of course," said Don Alfredo, "but when once he has tasted such pleasure and excitements, will he be satisfied to return and live on the ranch again. I fear not."

"But the chance to see the president, the music, the grand sights; and then the kind invitation of our friends—surely we must not slight them," pleaded the mother.

"Very true," replied Don Alfredo briefly; and the mother said nothing more.

The supper was eaten in silence. Then Don Alfredo turned to his son and said: "Now, Senor, what more?"

"Clarence says," answered Francisco, reading from the letter, "that he is a member of a riding club, and that some of their best riders are to act as escort for the president's carriage; and if I come, I shall be sure to have an invitation to ride with them. Would not that be an honor, Senor?"

All Don Alfredo's pride was stirred at the prospect of his son's riding with the president's escort. On horseback Francisco would be the peer of any of them. "Indeed it would be an honor," he answered warmly, "and we owe it to our good friend, Senor Grey, to accept his kind invitation. To refuse would be an insult. You must go, and you shall take 'the Rabbit' for your horse."

Francisco's eye sparkled. "The Rabbit," a spotted white and chestnut, so named for his great leaping powers, was accounted the best saddle horse in that part of the country.

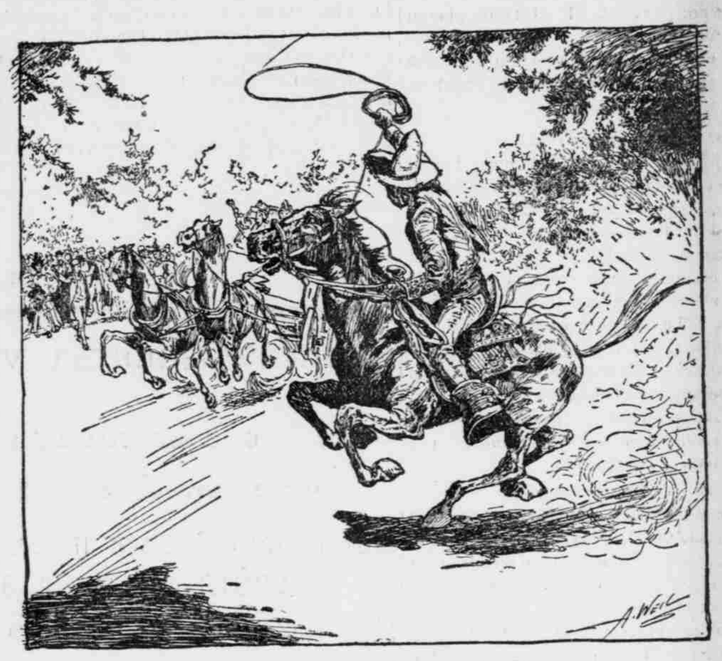
"Go you, to-morrow," continued the father, "to San Luis. Have Pedro Soberanes make you the finest saddle that he can; tell him to put ten pounds of silver on it. Take that yellow wildcat skin to line the sweat cloth with; take the belly of the mountain lion skin for stirrup linings. Go to the tailor's and order a new suit of clothes; and get yourself new boots and a fine new hat. I would not have our friends ashamed of our son. And take plenty of money, my boy; go as a gentleman, and remember always that you are 'un caballero Castillano.'"

The trip to San Luis was made, and the several orders delivered. The saddle and bridle came home so covered with silver that even Don Alfredo was satisfied; and on one side, neatly coiled, was a new riata of extra length and great strength.

When all was ready, this was the boy's costume: a white hat, with stiff brim; a blue broadcloth sack coat, with velvet collar; a crimson velvet vest, with goldstone buttons, light fitting pearl colored trousers, with wide spring bottoms, an elaborately embroidered shirt bosom, with a necktie of green, white and red, the national colors of Mexico. But the boots—they were the triumph; so slender, so small, with heels fully four inches high, sloping forward to almost the middle of his foot. A great ruby, a family heirloom, adorned his shirt bosom.

Francisco's journey to San Francisco was uneventful. Clarence met him at the station, and Mrs. Grey welcomed him cordially. Mary, the 21-year-old sister of Clarence, also extended her hand in kindly greeting; and as Francisco looked at her smiling face, flossy blond hair, big blue eyes, and becoming toilet, he thought her a very angel. He made his grandest bow, then pressed her hand to his lips. The others smiled and Mary blushed, but the evident sincerity of his admiration pleased her greatly.

After the boys had retired that night the older people held a short consultation. "How shall we manage to make him change that suit?" said Mrs. Grey.



THEY SAW IT FLY FROM HIS HAND.

"The vest is bad enough, but that cravat—it is simply impossible."

"I think that I can manage the cravat," said Mary.

In the morning Mary called Francisco into the parlor, and taking his hand in hers, said: "Frank, when you write to your mother, you may tell her that I am to be married soon; and as they say a piece of the bride's dress brings good luck, I have made for you this cravat from a piece of my wedding dress. It is ashes of roses—just the color for you; you'll wear it for my sake, won't you?"

Francisco thanked her warmly. He would gladly have risked his life for that charming girl.

After breakfast the boys went to the depot for "The Rabbit." Clarence was disappointed to see a medium-sized scrubby-looking horse, blotched over with chestnut and white—the sure sign of Arabian ancestry still seen among the horses of Spanish Californians.

"A regular bronco!" was Clarence's mental comment. "The Rabbit's" eyes were his greatest peculiarity; the right one was brown, soft and pleasant; the left one was a light blue and white—what is known as a "wall eye;" and seen from that side a more vicious-looking brute than the Rabbit could hardly be found. His character was fairly indexed by his eyes, good and pleasant at times, unruly and treacherous at others.

Ben, Mr. Grey's negro coachman, was to lead the horse home. For a block the Rabbit walked as meekly as a lamb; then a street car attracted his attention.

There was a rearing and a plunge, and the Rabbit went flying down the street toward the depot. A sharp cry of "Runaway! Look out!" startled the boys, and they saw the Rabbit coming back on the run, making vicious kicks at every team, his ears laid back and his teeth snapping.

Francisco ran out and called him by name. Immediately the horse stopped and allowed himself to be caught. Black Ben came running up, breathless and indignant. Again he took the halter to lead the horse away, but the Rabbit braced himself stiffly and refused to move.

A crowd began to gather. Clarence was greatly mortified, but Francisco took it as a matter of course. Accosting a truckman, he politely asked the loan of a blacksnake whip. Taking the halter from Ben, he laid the whip over the Rabbit's head and flanks most unmercifully. To the surprise of the spectators, the horse made little effort to escape the blows. Finally, giving the halter back to Ben, Francisco slapped the Rabbit under the flank and spoke sharply: "Auda, pronto!" The horse immediately stepped off. "He'll go all right now," said Francisco.

The next two days were spent in sight seeing, and to the Spanish lad it seemed as if all the wonders of the world were to be viewed. On Saturday afternoon the riding club were to take a canter out to Golden Gate park.

The riders started, and the Rabbit, with the idea that it was to be a "go as you please" race, immediately started off on a keen run, and had to be held down and whipped soundly before he would jog slowly along with the others.

The band had just finished a selection with a grand flourish, when sharp cries startled everyone. "Look out! Runaway! Stop them!" Coming down the driveway at a furious rate was a pair of bay horses with a carriage containing two ladies. The driver's seat was empty, and the reins were dragging on the ground. The horses were dashing directly towards the space in front of the music stand, which was closely packed with carriages, all containing ladies and children. As the team passed the Riding club, Clarence cried out in anguish: "Oh! boys, it's our team!" and he started after in a vain hope that he might be able to do something. A wail of terror went up from all the spectators. Behind the flying carriage came a couple of mounted park policemen, but too far away to be of any assistance.

But as they passed there came the sharp "click, click, click," of hoofs that hardly seemed to touch the ground, and the Rabbit shot by like a flash, his ears laid back and his nose straight out in front. He was fairly flying, and his rider was driving the spurs at every jump. The horse seemed to know instinctively what he was going after, for the bridle lay loose upon his neck; and Francisco was uncoiling the riata, gathering a large loop in his right hand. Just at that moment a little two-year-old child ran in front, and again a cry of horror was raised. Then the Rabbit showed himself worthy of his name; a pulling lift on the bridle from his rider, and he went flying over the child's head.

The carriage and its occupants were now frightfully near the crowded thoroughfare. But Francisco was almost up to them, and around his head, swinging in a wide circle, was the loop of the riata. As the people looked, they saw it fly into the air and settle down over the heads of the runaway horses.

The change in the Rabbit was wonderful. When the riata shot out his head came up, his ears were erect, and his eyes fairly flashed. The instant the riata landed Francisco caught two or three turns around the horn of the saddle, while his horse jumped stiff-legged sideways, and braced himself for the strain.

The noose tightened instantly on the necks of the runaways, brought their heads together, and checked, but by no means stopped them. The rawhide rope spun smoking around the horn of the saddle, and nothing but the skill of Francisco in letting the slack run prevented him and his horse from being overturned.

The Rabbit, still braced stiffly, was plowing the ground with all his hoofs. The riata ran out and the loose end went flying. Again the Rabbit darted ahead. Francisco, bending down, caught both the reins of the runaway team and the riata; in an instant they were over the saddle horn, and the little mustang was again braced and his hoofs plowing. The jerk threw the carriage horses down; they were up at once and plunging wildly, but not before the Spanish boy had leaped from his horse and grasped each by the bridle—the Rabbit meanwhile tugging bravely in the opposite direction.

All this occurred in a few seconds. Strong hands grasped the refractory steeds and subdued them. Francisco, breathless, dusty and bruised—for he had not entirely escaped the striking hoofs—was the hero of the hour. The Rabbit, too, came in for his full share of admiration, as he stood there with panting nostrils, heaving sides and bleeding flanks.

That evening there was a grateful group around the fireside at Mr. Grey's house; thankful to a kind Providence that a strong arm and cool head, joined with trained skill, had prevented a terrible disaster. Francisco affected to treat the matter lightly. "My friends," he said, "there was nothing else to do. Mary's cravat has brought me good luck. I will never part with it."

At the Rancho del Santa Theresa, three weeks later, there was great excitement. The young "patron" had returned from the great city. Not only had he seen the president of the United States, but he had actually shaken hands with him! And he had shown the city people how to ride, and had saved the lives of his friends. Don Alfredo's pride knew no bounds.

"Call all my people; they must know what my son has done," he said.

So all the vaqueros and herders were called to the house, and a keg of wine was set out for them. With many "vivas," "saludes," and "gloriosos," they drank health and prosperity to "El Senor Francisco," and long life to his wonderful horse, the Rabbit.

—One sees people at a horse race that he never thought would go.—Washington Democrat.

A MILLIONAIRE'S GIFT.

How Jay Gould Redeemed a Church Being Sold at Auction.

Jay Gould and another railroad magnate were delayed for a few hours in a small western town. They started to occupy the hours by making a tour of their surroundings.

They had not gone far before they heard the mournful clang of the auctioneer's bell, and came upon the crowd of curious people surrounding the seller. The auctioneer was crying: "Fifteen hundred dollars! Am I offered more?" when Mr. Gould touched a tall Texan on the arm and asked him what the sale was for.

"Pard," said the ranger, "this be a knock-out for the parson."

"In what way?" asked Mr. Gould.

"You see, pard, the parson built this church, but the tin petered out, and now the wood butcher is selling the whole crowd out for his coin."

Mr. Gould stepped up to the auctioneer and asked for the contractor who was closing out his lien. The auctioneer pointed out the man, and Gould approached him and asked him the amount of his claim.

"Seventeen hundred dollars and costs," said he.

"What will you take in settlement?" asked Mr. Gould.

"I'll sell for $1,500 and donate the balance," said the contractor.

Mr. Gould, taking from his pocket several bills of large denomination, gave them to the contractor and took his receipt in full, with the canceled lien.

Just then an old man, who had been an eyewitness of the transaction, going up to Mr. Gould, said:

"Stranger, what are you going to do with the claim you've just bought?"

Mr. Gould looked the man over in that calm way he had, and asked why he wanted to know.

"Why," he said, "I am the steward of this church. All the members and Sabbath school scholars are in the church, with the presiding elder and the pastor, on their knees, praying God to come to our help and save the church."

Mr. Gould said nothing, but, taking the receipted bill and the canceled lien that he had in his hand, he gave them to the steward and, turning toward the depot, walked rapidly back to his train.

The steward entered the church, now free, and told the people what the Lord had done, and they sang the doxology on their knees. Then they went out on the streets to find the stranger. They soon found out that the little man was none other than Jay Gould. His train had gone and only a cloud of dust on the far-away prairie indicated where their benefactor was.

Mr. Gould said that the letter he afterward received from that congregation, signed by every one in it, gave him more pleasure than clearing $1,000,000.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

DAKOTA FARM LABORERS.

Men Whose Homes May Be a Thousand Miles Away.

There is a season between May and the middle of July, during which the army of "hands" who work on these North Dakota wheat farms waits for the crops to ripen. In fact, except the half score of men who are regularly employed upon each place, all the men who are engaged upon the big farms—in plowing season, at seeding time, during harvest, and when the season for threshing comes—the men who do the most important work—are transient laborers. Frequently they are birds of passage, whose faces are familiar to the foremen, but whose homes may be a thousand miles away. Men of this character are not "hoboes;" yet now and then a tramp does "rest from his loved employ" and work with the "harvest hands."

A majority of the laborers comes from the south, in harvest time. These men are regular harvesters, who begin with the early June harvest in Oklahoma, working northward until the season closes in the Red river country. Men of this class never pay railroad fare. Thousands of them—perhaps 15 men on every thousand acres in wheat—ride into the bonanza district on the "blind baggage" on passenger trains. When they have leisure and a taste for scenery they jolt placidly across the continent, homeward bound, in what the lingo of the cult calls "side-door sleepers." Many of these workmen live in the larger towns in the middle west—in St. Louis, in Omaha, in St. Paul, in Chicago or in Milwaukee. And they bring home probably a million dollars in wages. They are steady, industrious men, with no bad habits, and small ambitions. On the best farms there is no drinking, and card-playing is strictly prohibited. The foremen say that cards keep men out of bed at night, and they have not their best strength to work during the day. There are no amusements on the farm, and at nine o'clock the fatigue usually drives the men to bed.—William Allen White, in Scribner's.

Cat of the Commonwealth.

No cats are brought into the state house, but they come of their own sweet will, and stay a great deal longer than their presence is desired. When the guide gathers his tourists about him in the house lobby and lifts his umbrella to point to the honored names in the skylight above, the visitors are sure to see the form of a cat stretched at full length on the glass. The cat is not dead, however, as the whole force of the sergeant-at-arms can testify, but is simply taking a snooze in the genial sunlight. She came in through the Bulfinch front and sought the roof. She feeds on mice, and nobody can get within 100 feet of her. If she is surrounded at the Derne street end she soon makes a break through the line of her pursuers and adjourns to the vicinity of the gilded dome. At present she spends most of her time over the skylight in the state library.—Boston Transcript.

—Poets must suffer before they can write, says a philosopher. After that the public has a monopoly on the suffering.—Chicago News.

THE FARMING WORLD.

RAISING DAIRY CALVES.

A Task Requiring Great Care and Excellent Judgment.

The raising of calves, we believe, is a very important part of the business, for to us a dairy without some good, thrifty calves is not what it should be. If a calf is worth raising at all it is worth raising well. To begin with we watch the dam closely to see that she has a good, comfortable place to drop her calf in. In cold weather a stall-box with plenty of bedding is a good place. Then we leave matters with her unless we see that she needs assistance, which she often does, especially if she is a young cow. We do not remove the calf immediately after birth, as some people do, but leave it to suck two or three times at least. If its mother is an old cow we let it suck five or six times, taking great care that the youngster does not get too much milk and therefore get the scours. We then put the calf in a pen in the barn where the mother can see it and not worry over it, and teach it to drink its mother's milk as soon as drawn for a week or ten days; then begin feeding skimmed milk with about a tablespoonful of ground flaxseed scalded by pouring a little boiling water over it and letting it stand a few minutes before mixing it with the milk. After about three or four weeks the ration is composed entirely of skimmed milk and ground flaxseed.

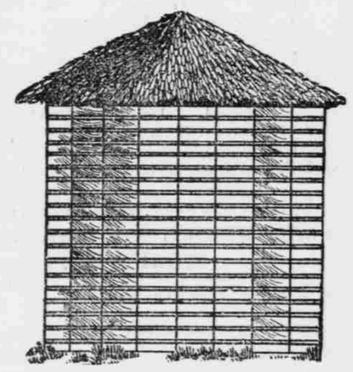
Being placed in the pen with the older calves it soon learns to eat clover hay and grain composed of equal parts of shelled corn, oats and wheat bran, which are fed liberally. We feed the ground flaxseed in preference to oil-meal because it contains more fat and is the best substitute for the cream taken from the milk that we have ever tried. After the calf gets to be about ten or twelve weeks old we substitute oil-meal for the flaxseed, until the calf is weaned from milk entirely at the age of five or six months and then add the oil-meal to the grain in a dry state. A calf needs its grain ration twice a day for a year at least before it is turned out to grass alone. By following this plan we have never failed to raise calves that would weigh from 800 to 1,100 pounds at one year old.

From this time on they need the attention of some one to see that they are bred at the right time. Fifteen to eighteen months is our rule, so as to have them drop their first calf soon after they are two years old. Having most of our heifers come in fresh in the spring they are put in the barn the fall before and handled during the winter and fed a little grain to keep them in good condition and the udders developed as much as possible by hand rubbing. This, we think, is an excellent plan, because the cow is invariably gentle after this kind of treatment and it is no trouble to break her.—Dakota Field and Farm.

CHEAP CRIB ROOFS.

Made of Unhusked Ears, with the Tip End Placed Down.

When short of crib room, the method of covering described below may be of value. It can be applied to any kind of a crib. Fill sufficiently high in the middle with husked corn to give an incline to the edges of at least one-quarter pitch. Commence at the lower edge, with good-sized ears of corn with the husks on or what we call snapped corn, placing the tip-ends down, and lapping over one-fourth or one-third of the length of the ear, on the principle of thatching a roof with straw or hay. Place the ears of snapped corn three



ROOF MADE OF UNHUSKED EARS.

courses deep, and if carefully put on a very good substitute for boards is obtained.

The ends of the ears can be made to project over the edge of the crib by a few inches by using cord or stove pipe wire. If a ditch is cut around the crib so water will drain off, corn will keep very well in such a crib, without a floor. Boards 14 inches wide laid across the crib, on the ground, every six or eight feet, to shovel upon, will be a great help. The ground can be covered with snapped corn if desired before throwing in the husked corn.—American Agriculturist.

An Old Corduroy Road.

A corduroy road made of small cedar trees, which were in a perfect state of preservation, was unearthed the other day 38 feet below the surface of the earth, seven miles east of Ashtabula, O. Prof. Carl Wright, teacher of geology in Oberlin college, who has visited the spot and examined the wood, gives it as his opinion that the wood has been where it was found since the glacial epoch.

India Rubber Pavement.

India rubber as a paving for streets was tried on a bridge in Hanover, Germany, a little more than a year ago, and proved so satisfactory that experiments are being made in Berlin and Hamburg with it for ordinary roadways. It is said to be perfectly noiseless, unaffected by heat or cold, and less slippery and more durable than asphalt.

In selecting a place for fruit it is always safest to choose dry upland and avoid a low muddy soil.

GOOD SPRAYING DEVICE.

It Is One of the Most Practical Potato Buggers Yet Described.

When what is now known as the potato beetle was first introduced, or very probably introduced itself about 30 years ago, most people imagined that it would stay a few years and leave; but as it has been much more numerous and destructive this season than common, it has become recognized as a permanent fixture whenever an attempt is made to grow potatoes. Many fields of potatoes have been entirely ruined by it, or by an excessive dose of poison administered by the owner in a desperate attempt to kill it or cut off the food supply.

This summer, after using several tons of plaster and paris-green with very little apparent effect, we commenced using with good results the arsenite of lime from a formula by Dr. R. C. Kedzie, of the Michigan agricultural college, but used it stronger than he commends, and much stronger than

DEVICE FOR SPRAYING VINES.

would be safe on peach trees. We also made the machine shown in the cut, which does good work. We made a cart to track ten feet wide (as our rows are three feet four inches apart), with three rows between the wheels, which comes in good form for working two horses; we used front wagon wheels and a pair of old skeins found at a wagon shop. On this, we made a platform five feet long and six feet wide, well bolted on. A common spray pump and barrel were secured to this, and two hose connected to the pump; each hose is connected to two spray nozzles by galvanized iron pipe three feet four inches long, with stop-cock where the hose joins the pipe. These were secured to a light strip of wood so that the nozzles were three feet four inches apart. By spraying the three rows between the wheels and one outside, the four rows are easily reached. This is readily manipulated by the person sitting at the back end of the platform, and much better on hilly land than if fastened to the cart.

It is important to secure good nozzles. Great care should be taken to strain all material before it enters the pump. We strain everything into the barrel, using a large funnel with a common brass milk strainer inserted, and also a strainer at the lower end of the pump. The following formula will not injure potato vines if a fine spray be used: Two pounds white arsenic, four pounds salsoda and two gallons rain water. Boil in an iron kettle for 15 minutes, or until the solution becomes clear, being careful not to let it boil over. Put this solution in a jug and label "poison." When ready to use take one pint of the solution in the jug to 30 gallons of water, and add two pounds of good quick lime which has been previously slaked (not air slaked). If a large amount is to be used, slake a quantity of lime, using a gallon of water to two pounds of lime. When wanted, stir well and use a gallon for two pounds.—L. J. Post, in Rural New Yorker.

APPLE TREE TROUBLES.

How to Fight the Pest Known as the Flat-Headed Borer.

A correspondent tells the Northwestern Agriculturist that many are inquiring as to the cause of their orchard trees failing, by being girdled under the bark and bored through the trunk, and in small trees causing them to break off at that point. This is done by the flat-headed borer. The eggs are laid by the beetle early in June. Are hatched in a few days and the slug commences operations at once by boring through the bark and then cutting his way around the tree in the sapwood till about time to change, when he turns and strikes for the center and makes his change to the beetle form and the following June is ready for his next annual job. It is said that the trees whose sap has become partially soured by sun-scald, or any other cause, or their vigor checked in any way, that the odor arising from the changed condition of the sap attracts the beetle, who is looking for just such conditions as the suitable place to deposit her eggs. Thus, newly planted trees are especially susceptible to the attacks of the beetle.

First Remedy—One quart of soft soap to two gallons of water heated to the boiling point, when one pint of crude carbolic acid is added, stirring the solution well at the same time. This should be applied early in June and again some weeks later, with a cloth or scrubbing brush, to the trunk and base of large limbs, being careful not to sprinkle the foliage.

Remedy Second—Paint the trunk and base of large branches with coal tar. Apply with brush after warming it a little, not hot. It will not hurt the tree, but is specially disagreeable to Mrs. Beetle from its odor. These two recipes are to prevent egg laying. After you find the borer has started his work cut him out with a knife or punch him out with a small wire. Every one you destroy nips a stock of eggs in the bud, and if every one who has a tree would spend a few minutes to each tree in hunting up this pest, it would be very soon exterminated. It is nothing beside the fire blight.

Keep Down the Ruts.

In maintaining a road one of the most important considerations is to prevent the formation of ruts by keeping the surface so uniform that travel will be distributed over it and not follow in beaten tracks.